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FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE engraving which embellishes the present number of the *Ariel*, is a representation of the First Presbyterian Church, as it formerly existed, at the corner of Market Street and Bank Alley: and is given to the public that the remembrance of our ancient public buildings may be perpetuated, when the inroads of commercial enterprize compel their owners to seek a permanent spot, in some more retired part of the city, on which to erect a successor to that which the encroachments of business have razed to the ground.

The building here represented, until its beautiful exterior was soiled and blackened by the smoke of the dense population which surrounded it, was a remarkable monument of the classic taste in designing, and the exquisite skill in finishing, which distinguish, above those of any other American city, the architects of Philadelphia.—The view before us presents but one of the many highly finished edifices which adorn our city, and to behold them but for a moment, is all that is needed in confirmation of our assertion.

After standing for many years, and undergoing many alterations, besides narrowly escaping being destroyed by fire, the First Presbyterian Church was pulled down, and the ground on which it stood was sold. The demolition of the building was hastened by a suspicion, from what cause we know not, that the congregation were in continual danger of being crushed by the shackling condition of the house. A favorable site for a new edifice soon offering itself, a new and elegant structure was erected in Washington Square, which has been for some years, and is at present, under the officiating charge of Dr. Wilson.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TAR.

There was a little, daring, inveterate English sloop of war, that was engaged in cruising off the northwestern coast of France, during almost the last ten years of hostilities. From Calais to Etaples was her range; and her orders were to harass and alarm, to keep a strict watch upon the ports of Calais and Boulogne, and to learn the amount of the garrisons, whether increased or diminished; in short, to gather all that was going on upon the coast, or in the region around. Sometimes she was engaged in transporting secret emissaries backward and forward.—And sometimes a peep into Brest, St. Maloes, or Dieppe, was commanded to be taken by her by way of recreation.

Her commander was the then Lieutenant —: the honest tar would blush, did he see his name in another print than that of the despatch, or of the *Gazette*; where, alas! he has not figured often.—And so we will veil his modesty beneath that convenient mask, a —. He was a sturdy Kentish man, a true heart of oak, and knew every cranny of coast from

Deal to Dungess, and from Dieppe to Dunkirk. That he was especially chosen for this task speaks sufficiently to his hardy and trust worthy character. And as he lorded it in his tiny sloop—I think it was called the *Ariel*—over a considerable boundary of the Emperor Napoleon's dominions, and at times over not a few of his subjects, so did the gallant Captain of the *Ariel* "do his spiriting gently."

His most usual duty was to drop in-shore with the night-tide, amuse himself at times by landing and beating up the Frenchmen's quarters; for their coast, like the wall of a beleaguered town, was lined with sentinels, ensconced in guard-houses, and sentry-boxes erected on solid masonry. Sometimes she lay ensconced awaiting the sallying forth of those little privateers, which ventured out like mice, from time to time, when our cruising cats were out of sight. A fog, however, was her special delight. Then would the little *Ariel*, under cover of the dense atmosphere, even within the very harbor of the enemy, intercepting luggers, schooners, fishing-smacks, and boarding them, often more with a view of demonstrating Britain's rule over the sea, than for any purpose of capture or rapine. In most cases the crews, of the captured fishermen especially, were ordered aboard the *Ariel*, brought down to its little cabin, plied with grog sufficiently, and then pumped, with all a tar's adroitness, of what little information they could give. This procured, they were set afloat on board their own smack again, and allowed to return to harbor. In the course of a few years such was the frequency of fogs, and the activity of the *Ariel*, that not a fisherman ever caught mackerel on the coast, who did not become acquainted with Lieut. —, who did not partake of his grog, and who did not retail or invent to him stories, which no doubt still exist among the treasured learning of the Admiralty. They were grateful to him; he was as dreaded and admired as a corsair; and when a French fishing-boat sailed, it would as soon set out without its rudder or its nets, as without a *Moniteur*, a new *Bulletin*, or some tit-bit of news, for the master of the *Ariel*.

The year 1814 brought orders of a more perilous nature than usual to the British officer. A packet of printed proclamations, addressed to the French people, was put into his hands, with the desire that they might be distributed along the coast. They inveighed against Napoleon, gave a summary account of the Emperor's disasters, and invited the population, if I am not mistaken, to throw off the yoke of the usurper, and return to the allegiance

of their ancient sovereigns. To have awaited thick weather, and to have distributed them amongst the fishing boats, would have been the safest way of executing the task; but tars are not given to such constructions of their orders; and as the military were amongst those chiefly addressed, the object was to transmit them to the several depots and guard-houses on the coast. This was, indeed, for whoever understood the enterprize, going with information to the lion's mouth.—Lieutenant — would not entrust it to any under his command, but resolved himself to execute the task, which he deemed of the greatest importance.

He caused himself, accordingly, to be put ashore on a certain night, northward considerably, of Etaples, where the shore rises from beach and sand-hills into cliff, if a lofty coast, consisting more of clay than rock, can be called so. His boat he ordered to await him on the morning of the following night, off the little cape betwixt Wimereux and Ambletense, many leagues distant from the spot of his disembarkment. He soon began, under cover of the darkness, to execute his mission. The heights were thick with batteries, but the long survey which he had taken from sea, served as a guide to his steps. Those he at first approached were not thickly manned; neither the troops of the line nor the artillery occupied them, but merely the national guard of the neighboring town. Here his task was not difficult; every empty sentry-box—or rather sentry-house, he garnished with a proclamation. To the doors of the very guard houses, to the barriers of the batteries, he affixed them; and even on the *affluts* of the French cannon were found in the morning these sensible traces of an enemy's visit. The alarm was given, scouts and parties were sent out in every direction, though some of the national guard declared, that none, save the enemy of mankind himself, could have ventured over ditch, parapet, *chevaux-de-frize*, and sentinel, to achieve the sticking up a few pieces of paper.

The greatest difficulty to the gallant lieutenant was to pass Boulogne and to gain the coast to the northward of that town. The commandant, an inveterate Bonapartist, made use of every exertion to catch the spy, whom he vowed in his soul to hang, in revenge for the shattered fortunes of Napoleon. The laws of warfare gave him but too good a right to inflict this punishment, provided he could but entrap the interloper. Unfortunately the *Ariel* was descried in the offing, making up the channel; and that she had something to do with the mischief was ea-

sily conceived. The hidden emissary would, no doubt, bend his course in the same direction with her. The line of the Laine was therefore carefully guarded.— On the fall of the second evening, Lieutenant —, however, swam the wide basin, that the Emperor had of old formed, and then gained the northern heights by the shortest and less frequented of paths, in the coarse *blouze* or peasant frock, that he had over his uniform; he did not even fear to mount the streets of the town itself, nor to affix a copy of the proclamation to the door of the very Prefecture.— It was seen in a very little time after by the aid of some public functionary's lanterns, and the passage of the audacious enemy was known. The streets were likewise strewn with the treasonable document. Instead of concealing the course of his track, the seaman marked it, and his pursuers followed him by his scattered papers, as hounds trace their game by the scent. Even the immortal column, erected to commemorate French intentions against England, was profaned by bearing the obnoxious placard on each side of its base. Here, too, as on the region on the preceding night, the little guard houses, esconced in their several hollows, or protected by mounds from British-shot, received what Lieutenant — called his visiting-cards. And all along that closely guarded line, where no longer the national guard, but the regular troops were stationed, the proclamation was disseminated, till not one of a whole knapsack full remained. His task thus successfully completed, it remained for the bold sailor to regain his vessel; this, which he had reckoned upon as the easiest point of accomplishment, proved to be the most difficult and serious. A large body of conscripts, about to march to the northern frontier, were stopped by the vigilant commandant, and posted for the night on the bank of the river of Wimereux. Its whole line and its solitary bridge were thus guarded, and so, upon approaching it, it was found to be the high road: thus all progress to the northward was prevented, and escape into the interior equally cut off and precluded. More than once did the commander of the *Ariel* endeavor to swim the little basin of Wimereux, but at first it was too well guarded, and when the tide ebbd, the profound mud formed an insurmountable barrier, on which the enemy no doubt relied, as they abandoned their watch. To pass the high road was as impracticable; although he once overmastered a sentinel, and rushed upon the road, he was encountered by another, and forced to escape into the *geranne*, luckily without receiving any wound. Now aware that the spy was surrounded, they only awaited the daylight to venture after and take him.

The daylight at length began to glimmer, and by its aid in vain did the boat's crew of the *Ariel* endeavor to descry the figure of their commander on the appointed shore. Fatally separated from them, he found him still in the *geranne*, as it is called, of Wimereux. A more desolate spot could not have been chosen for a brave man to meet his fate. It consisted of a cluster of sandhills, of which the materials, washed away from the high places of the coast, were here borne in on the flat country by the tide. In this manner the ocean forms a barrier against itself, which alone preserves the valleys and low grounds on this weather-beaten coast from being inundated and converted into so many estuaries at every high tide.

Here, then, did the morning break upon Lieutenant —, who, exhausted with

his journey, his watching and his unsuccessful efforts, had sunk for a short time to seek refreshment in repose. After a survey round, in which he heard the nearing shouts of his enemies on all sides, he thought it best to widen and prepare the aperture of a rabbit-burrow for his reception. Into this he sunk himself, covering his lurking place with a thicket of sea-holly: his enemies soon penetrated in search of him, trod near and around him, poked with their bayonets into rabbit-holes and thickets; but none made the desired discovery. He remained until two hours after noon; his stock of biscuit was exhausted. He hoped, however, not to find his enemies so vigilant that evening as they had been the preceding one. They had been gone for some time; all sound and clamor had died away, and the sailor thought he might step forward to *renconnoître*. His enemies were too cunning for him: aware that he must be hidden, they lay in wait, silent, and pretending to have departed, expecting, as took place, that he would venture forth. He had taken but a few steps, when the raised cry of one of those on the watch warned the poor Briton that he was discovered, and called his enemies to the capture.

Fight was madness; Lieutenant — struck out and ran. His impulse was to gain the sea, and trust himself to it, even swimming. The ambuscade was however 'twixt him and it. He ran, nevertheless, southward, hoping that some ravine, or turn of the coast, would allow him to gain the beach. The French did not fire. The orders of the exasperated commandant were, no doubt, to take him alive. There was no possibility of his escape. The young conscripts enjoyed the novelty of chasing an enemy, and followed with shouts of alacrity and triumph. The commandant himself was at their head, and had the ground permitted him to make use of a horse, he might soon have overtaken the fugitive.

The latter, in the meantime, gained upon his pursuers, who still, however, kept between him and the coast, and his flight seemed directed towards an old venerable chateau, for it was castle like in appearance, which seemed built to catch every breath of wind from the sea. Some withered trees stood around it, as if to afford a shelter, that they seemed to need. For they stretched landwards, in an imploring attitude, and, indeed, put forth foliage only in that direction. Thither the fugitive directed his course—why, or with what hope, is not easily conceived. Even if he could enter, he could not hope to defend it.

The possessor of the chateau, or at any rate its tenant, was the commandant himself, whose family at the very time occupied it, no doubt for the salubrity of the sea-breezes, and the convenience of its position to his duties.

With no wiser instinct, however, than that of the over-hunted fox, the unfortunate sailor rushed towards the bleak chateau, entered its court, its door, and rushed up a short stair into its saloon. A lady was seated there, as also a boy, her son apparently, at her feet. Ere she could recover from her surprise, the intruder made known who he was, his imminent danger, and craved refuge and concealment. It was not to be expected, and perhaps asked without expectation. The lady, not without commiseration, bade him fly elsewhere; that it was the residence of the commandant, that she was his wife, and that there was no possibility, no chance. The door below was dashed open; the pursuers rushed up.

As the commandant himself entered, a legion at his back, the fugitive, taking, as it appeared, an ungenerous advantage of the lady's compassion, seized her son, bore him, in her despite, to the farthest corner of the apartment, and putting a pistol to the child's temple, called upon his pursuers to desist.

The terrified commandant, though prepared to close with his enemy, shrunk back from his posture of determination; whilst the mother of the child, unable to move a limb or utter a cry, held forth her hands in agony and powerlessness.

"A life for a life, if you persist or move a step," cried the seaman. "I now know the fate reserved for me if taken. Let me spring from this window and gain the beach unpursued, or—"

"It is my only son," cried the commandant, hesitating.

"So much the better," observed the seaman, coolly.

"I cannot palter" (*transiger* was the word) "with my duty," said the commandant, hesitating still.

* The mother shrieked, and the shriek went to the soul of the seaman, who menaced a barbarity that he would have died a thousand deaths ere he could have committed.

"You are a cowardly ruffian to have believed me capable of it," said the seaman, who wronged his adversary by the reproach, inasmuch as his determined look fully bespoke the act he threatened. As he spoke he flung himself against the window, went through it, but fell, and, ere he could rise, more than twenty followers were around or upon him, and the gallant lieutenant was a captive.

He was conveyed into town with shouts of triumph, and his captors amused themselves by adorning him with the numbers of his own proclamation that he had scattered: and, treated with every ignominy and harshness, he was committed for that evening to the military prison.

The taking of a spy; and more especially the threatened execution of one, made, of course, a mighty noise and bustle throughout the department of the *Pas de Calais*. Aware of the progress of the Allies, the inveterate commandant pressed the trial, and every intermediate step that was to precede his final vengeance. The citizens, nevertheless, Bonapartists as they were, had no such sanguinary wishes, but rather commiserated the brave man. The fishermen felt still more sympathy, and resolved among each other, to return Lieutenant —'s past kindness and forbearance to them, by rescuing him at any hazard.

They kept their designs secret with ease, as they form quite a distinct class from the rest of the population, with whom they hold no sort of intercourse but for the purpose of buying or selling. In order to mask their intentions, they took occasion to display the utmost fury against the spy; and their vociferations for sunken boats and lost cargoes, of which they accused loudly the commander of the *Ariel*, resounded in the ears of the commandant, as also in those of the pretended victim, who was at a loss to account for such gratuitous inveteracy.

From the military prison to the *Palais de Justice*, or scene of trial, was a considerable distance, and the captive more than once meditated the possibility of escape, as he was brought back and forward. He was not manacled; but the guard was always too strong for the hope or the attempt. As he returned from condemnation, the prisoner and escort were suddenly surrounded by an immense

throng of fishermen and their wives, and these last were neither the least active nor least vociferous. They cried "Death to the spy!" "Down with the English corsair!" "Cursed Englishman! where are our men and our vessels!"—and a smart volley of stones, seemingly intended for the prisoner, but really overwhelming the escort, made the soldiers think it was most prudent for them to give up the victim of popular fury. And as he was to be hanged on the morrow, the fate that at present was imminent over him, was less ignominious than that which justice threatened.

The fishermen and women, therefore, carried off their prey without any opposition, or rather drove it before them, pelting and shouting, and in many instances severely wounding one another, that the earnestness of their rage might not be called in question. The soldiers followed, however, somewhat mistrustful, through the narrow lanes and passages, by which the victim and his apparent assassins, but real rescuers, hurried towards the port or harbor. The guard expected to find the mangled body of their late prisoner at every step; on the contrary, victim and avengers disappeared. They were no sooner out of sight of the military, than the brawny fishermen, seizing Lieutenant —, bore him at full speed, each holding a limb, through their suburb; again putting him upon his feet, and chasing him before them, as they emerged upon the quay. There chasing and abusing, they directed him towards a little pilot-boat that lay moored at the extremity of the wooden piers. "There's your home, brother tar," cried they pointing to the waves. Lieutenant — shook the hand of the speaker, plunged in, gained the skiff in a trice, unmoored it, hoisted its sail, and swept out of the harbor, ere a single shot could be brought to bear upon him.

FROM THE NATIONAL PHILANTHROPIST. THE OLD OAK TREE.

Yes, there thou standest proudly still,
Thy giant arms in sunshine wreathing;
Thy shadow trembling on the hill,
Around whose base the winds are breathing.
The same—the same, that thou wast when
A child I sat beneath thy shade,
And smiled in rapture even then,
As sunshine thro' thy branches played.
The same—though years have passed thee by,
In stormy power—I only mark
A few more branches, scere and dry,
And thicker round thine aged bark,
The moss hath grown, yet thou dost wear
An aspect so like former things,
That fancy loves to linger where
The trace of her awakening clings.
Thou aged tree!—how passing fair
I've seen a thousand sunsets linger
On those broad leaves, the evening air
Is litting with its unseen finger!
How oft from hills above thee piled,
I've heard the stormy winds go down;
And listened to their music wild
When sweeping round thy leafy crown!
And when I saw thy giant form
Stand up against the opposing blast;
And wear its beauty, when the storm
In baffled power had o'er thee past—
My dream hath been—thou even so,
Should manhood bear with human ill,
And struggle with the storm of woe,
Unbending and determined still.
And I believed that I could bear
Unmoved like thee, the tempest, when
My spirit should be called to share
The stern and stormy things of men.—
How changed that dream! a few short years
Have proved its every purpose vain;
My heart, to grief and slavish fears
Hath bowed—and yet may bow again.

Harrison G. Otis was elected mayor of the city of Boston, on the 22d ult. by a large majority.

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. WM. EATON, HERO OF DERNE.

Gen. Eaton was educated at Dartmouth college, New Hampshire. At the time he was a student there, the college bell having been cracked, a new one was bespoken at a bell foundry in Hartford, Conn. Eaton was selected to go after it, and for this purpose, a wagon was provided for him; but either through the scantiness of their pecuniary means, or, what is more probable, their forgetfulness, his employers neglected to supply him with money for the payment of it. Arrived at Hartford, Eaton presented his order for the bell, which was refused on the plea that the cash did not accompany it. The refusal placed him in the dilemma either to return to Dartmouth without the bell, or attempt some arrangement on his own personal responsibility for the security of the money. This he effected by pledging two valuable watches, in addition to giving his note payable at a specified time. Instead of putting the bell in, he suspended it under the wagon; and in this manner alarming the villages through which he passed, for a distance of nearly two hundred miles, he returned to college. On his way back, he was met by an acquaintance, who endeavored to prevail on him to remove the bell to the inside of the wagon. His reply was characteristic of his disposition, and of his life. "No," said he, "let it remain;—I am determined not to go through the world without making a noise in it."

EATON'S AMOURS.

During his sophomore year in college, Eaton formed an intimacy with a beautiful and accomplished young lady of H—, a pleasant village, twenty miles from Dartmouth. Their attachment was mutual; and, at length, they proceeded so far as to pledge each other their hearts in view of a matrimonial union. A short time previous to his being graduated, he waited on his fair one for the purpose of making arrangements for the intended nuptials. "In a few weeks," said he, "I shall be released from college restraints; then I shall be prepared for the consummation of our union. But," he added, "that you may have no occasion hereafter to charge me with a want of candor in acquainting you with the profession I contemplate, I think it my duty to inform you, I am resolved to be a soldier, and that should you disapprove of the determination I have formed, no entreaties will avail to induce me to change my resolution. Say, then, will you marry a soldier?"—The young lady hesitated. This was enough for Eaton, who, taking her by the hand for the last time, left her, saying, "I love you, but I love my country better."

GEN. EATON AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

General Eaton was distinguished for his promptitude and bravery. During the administration of President Jefferson, a rupture broke out between this country and the Barbary Powers, and Gen. Eaton was sent there with a military force, with which having conquered Derne, he was on his way thence to Algiers, when he received the intelligence that peace was restored between the two countries. The Dey of Algiers manifested his malignity towards him, by refusing Eaton his passport at the moment he was prepared to return to America. The indignation of the veteran was roused. He knew his life was in danger; but being a stranger to pusillanimous feelings, this consideration did not intimidate him. Accompanied with no one but his secretary, he fearlessly

entered the Council, and, at first, modestly requested his passport. The Dey informed him that if he repeated that request, his life should be the forfeit. Eaton could not brook this. He drew his sword, and glancing an indignant eye towards the Dey, exclaimed, "In the name of God and my country, I demand it."—The Dey trembled, turned pale, and ordered his secretary to write the passport.

No Rum!—The following anecdote, which was related to us a few evenings since, contains a good illustration of the Yankee character, as well as exhibits the benefits of a good rule.

When the temperate reformation had just begun to spread, a merchant in —, convinced of the injuriousness of dealing in ardent spirits, banished his jugs from the counter, and his barrels from the store. The first applicant for grog, after this procedure, was a good natured Jonathan—something short of seven feet,—who came in whistling "Yankee Doodle," with his hands snugly secured in his breeches pockets, and his mutilated hat balanced on his head at an angle of forty-five degrees. "I say Mister, let's have a gill of stingo,"—(meaning New England rum.) "We don't sell any," was the reply. "Not sell rum!" exclaimed our Yankee, cocking his hat on the other side of his shaggy pericranium, and looking incredulously enough—"fags! that's a good 'un." But are you really in 'arnest?" "Certainly," said the merchant, "we shall not allow any drinking in the store." "If you don't sell me some rum," said Jonathan threateningly, "I'll not spend another farthing here, that's sartin." "We cannot break our resolution, sir." "Why look ye here now," replied the other (persuasively) "I've laid out a good of the rhino in your shop—bo't all my things here—and you went sell me any rum?" "Not a drop." "What are you 'fraid of?" (argumentatively)—"here's your money—(picking out a four-pence half penny from a handful of rusty coppers, nails, and tobacco quids) only a dram just to whet my whistle. You wont? If I buy any more of ye—I'm an old customer, and you refused to sell me a glass of New England!—Not another cent here!" A pause of a few moments ensued—the disappointed applicant strided to the door, put his hand on the latch, and wheeled back again—his good sense had triumphed.—"Well, by jings! Mister, you're right—it's a good resolution—rum drinking is bad. Let's have a barrel of flour!"

This request, as may be supposed, was readily granted. The merchant not only secured a good customer, but had eventually the pleasure of seeing him among the advocates of entire abstinence. A fact.

MURDER BY DROWNING.—By the brig George, arrived at Boston, from Matanzas, it is reported, says the Boston Daily Advertiser, that Captain Curtis, of the New England, from Providence, lying in the harbor of Matanzas, was drowned in consequence of an altercation with the cook of his vessel. It was a dark night, blowing fresh, and Capt. Curtis, who had been below to procure a weapon to resist an expected assault, was seized as he came on deck, by the cook, who immediately leaped overboard with him from the gangway. Some one jumped into the chains, and extending his leg, called for the Capt. to take a hold of it. With this assistance one of the two, though which could not be ascertained, was pulled aboard, whom they found to be the cook. Capt. Curtis had sunk to rise no more.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot, under orders to embark for India—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call “the bed of glory”—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passing on board the transports, which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely day-break, when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow.

Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance—or by some individual, with a deeper title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughter among the assembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in England, and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed—for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbitrator. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend Captain Ledon, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-sergeant who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked “to go,”—and all the others, containing the fatal words “to remain.” It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers’ wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another, she succeeded; & giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hastening step; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the serjeant’s cap, and I saw by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and with a deep groan, fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of the women had left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling on the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loden advanced towards them. “I am sorry, Henry Jenkins,” said he, “that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted.”

“I am so, Captain,” said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face, “but ’tis a hard thing to

part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother.”

“O captain!” sobbed the young woman, “as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh take me with him!—take me with him—for the love of God take me with him, Captain!” She fell on her knees, laid hold of the officer’s sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, “Oh! leave me my only hope, at least, till God has given me another;” and repeated, in heart-rending accents, “Oh, take me with him! take me with him!”

The gallant officer was himself in tears—he knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife’s petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the Captain with his hand to his cap.

“And what do you want, my good fellow?” said the officer.

“My name’s John Carty, please your honor, & I belong to the second battalion.”

“And what do you want here?”

“Only, yer honor,” said Carty, scratching his head, “that poor man and his wife there are now sorrow-hearted at parted, I’m thinking.”

“Well, and what then?”

“Why, yer honor, they say I’m a likely lad, and I know I’m fit for service—and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond’s company, and let me take his place in your’s—why yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of ’em, I’m thinking.”

Captain Loden considered for a few minutes, directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officers’ quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

“Well, John Carty,” said he, “you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife.”

“Thank yer honor,” said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.—Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground and rushed into each others arms. God bless you, Captain!” said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. “Oh, bless him for ever!” said the wife: “bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children;” and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, “May you never want a friend, when I am far from you—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!” passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages; but which now afforded no information to the traveller, for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village Eldenby. The eldest, a fine intel-

ligent lad about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

“No, my little lad,” said the soldier; “but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there; but, in truth, I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in yon village some person who may befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for a reward.”

“Sir,” said the boy, “my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat—if you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome.”

“And you can tell us stories about the foreign parts,” said the younger lad, a fine chubby-cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier’s dress. The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof, and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story further than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward. Cast thy bread upon the waters, said the wise man, and it shall be returned unto thee after many days.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

DEATH.

Lift high the curtain’s drooping fold,
And let the evening sunlight in!
I would not that my heart grew cold
Before its better years begin.
’Tis well that such a holy hour,
So calm and pure, a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart, with power
To charm its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thoughts of early days,
Shall gather in my memory now;
And not the later cares, whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;
What though those days return no more,
The sweet remembrance is not vain,
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourners stand
In hollow sadness near my bed;
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear the gentle tread
Of her whose kindness long ago,
And still unworn away by years,
Hath made my weary eyelids flow
With grateful and admiring tears.

I go—but let no plaintive tone
The moment’s grief of friendship tell,
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumbers well:
A few short hours—and then for heaven!
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss;
For who can mourn the warning given
To call us from a world like this?

Mrs. Hernans is said to be seriously indisposed at Liverpool.

A WIZARD SONG,

By Mrs. Hemans.

By the shore of the sea, the wild shore of the sea,
 'Tis there, 'tis there, I love to be,
 When the storm hath past, with a harrowing blast,
 O'er the billowy wilderness dark and vast;—
 When the sea-sepulchres disgorge
 Their new dead to the foaming surge,
 That flings its prey unto the land,
 And smoothes their biers on the trackless sand;
 When the dismal wreck floats to the shore,
 Whereon its crew shall tread no more,
 And the mighty ocean heaves, as though
 'Twere tired with the long, long work of woe;
 When the low winds breathe the knell of the
 drown'd
 With a most bewailing sound,—
 There let my gloomy pastime be,
 As one that fears not storm or sea.
 When new-made widows—maids bereft
 Of Youth's fond dream—and orphans left
 Homeless on earth, and childless Eld,
 Have on the dreary beach, beheld
 The ghastly change that death has wrought
 On each pale corpse they tottering sought,
 Or search, through many an hour, in vain,
 For the vanish'd that none shall see again,—
 Shuddering at the sun that seems
 To mock them, with returning beams,
 And at the seas, now waveless grown,
 When all the grievous scathe is done,—
 Then let me roam beside the deep,
 With watchful eyes that will not weep,—
 Then let me human grief behold,
 But not as one of mortal mould,

FROM THE SPANISH OF QUEVEDO.

In this wide world, to think, my friend,
 Thy lot is cast to change it, or amend;
 But to perform thy part, and give thy share
 Of pitying aid; not to subdue, but bear.

If prudent, thou may'st know the world; if wise,
 In virtue strong, thou may'st the world despise;
 For good, be grateful—be to ill resign'd,
 And to the better world exalt thy mind.

The peril of thy soul in this world fear,
 But yet th' Almighty's wondrous work revere;
 See all things good but man; and chiefly see,
 With eye severe, the faults that dwell in thee.
 On them exert thine energies, and try
 Thyself to mend, ere judge the earth and sky.

ACQUAINTANCE TABLE.

2 Glances make	1 Bow.
2 Bows	1 How d'ye do.
6 How d'ye do's	1 Conversation.
4 Conversations	1 Acquaintance.

"SHE HAS LEFT ME."—There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote related in a London paper, of an artist. He was an American, and had come thither (he and his young wife) to paint for fame—and a subsistence. They were strangers in England; they had to fight against prejudice and poverty; but their affection for each other solaced them under every privation, every frown of fortune. They could think at least, "all the way over" the great Atlantic, and their infancy (little cherished here,) had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes they had left behind. A gentleman who had not seen them for some length of time, went one day to the artist's painting room, and observed him pale and wan, enquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered only "SHE HAS LEFT ME," and proceeded in a hurried way about his work. She was dead!—and he was left alone to toil, and get money, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and Fame itself was but a shadow! 'Tis a true saying, yet a wholesome moral belongs to it. The thread of our life is spun; it is twisted firmly, and looks as if it would last forever. All colors are there: the gaudy yellow, and the sanguine red, and black, dark as death; yet it is cut in twain by the shears of fate almost before we discern the peril.

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—In Genoa there are marriage brokers, who have pocket books filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connexions; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three *per cent.* upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another: and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of defraying the brokerage and other expenses incurred.

ACCOMMODATION FOR THREE-HALF PENCE.—A gentleman on a wet evening entered the bar of an inn, and while standing before the fire, called to a servant girl who had come to receive his orders:—"Margaret, bring me a glass of ale, a clean pipe, a spiton, a candle, a pair of snuffers, and the newspaper. And Margaret, take away my great coat into the kitchen, and hang it before the fire to dry, and dry my umbrella, tell me what o'clock it is, and if Mr. Christopherson should come in, request him to come this way, for I think it is near seven, and he promised to meet me at that hour. And Margaret, get me change for a sovereign, see that all the change is good, take pay out of it, and wrap the copper in a piece of paper. And Margaret, tell Jemima to bring some more coals, take away the ashes, and wipe that table. And Margaret, pull down that blind, shut the door, and put to the window shutters!" N. B. The gentleman had his own tobacco in his pocket.—*Tyne Mer.*

BONES OF THE SOLDIERS AT WATERLOO.—It is well known that the bones of animals contain a large quantity of Phosphate of lime, from one third to one half of animal jelly, fat and bitumen. They of course make excellent manure for enriching the soil, and accordingly are very much sought for by gardeners or agriculturalists, in the neighborhood of large cities, as London and Paris. When thus used, they are first broken, and ground by means of a steam engine, and the powder sown upon the land. After the battle of Waterloo, the bodies were first searched over for money, watches, trinkets, and clothes. Then came the purveyors of human hair, for the supply of the makers of false hair, wigs, curls, and frizettes;—then came another class, who extracted from the dead bodies all the sound teeth, for the supply of the dentists; and lastly, when the flesh had putrified, the collectors of bones for manure searched the field for their harvest. This looks like barbarism; the idea of it is revolting to humanity.

Some of the portraits of eminent performers of the day, painted in character, by Neagle, were on Friday last sold at auction, by Messrs. Grant and Bager. That of Forrest, as Rolla, brought \$67; Kean 52 50; Mrs. Blake 51; Mrs. Hilson 50; Warren 35; Jefferson 35. These were the originals painted for Wemyss's edition of the "American Acting Theatre."

A little volume of imitations under the title of PS and QS, has recently been published in Boston. The Journal says it is as poor a volume, (by which we understand it is not so good,) as one of the same nature, published last year, called Whim-Whams.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10.

Culture of Silk.—A memorial has been presented to Congress by Jacob B. Clarke, of New York, praying for assistance from government, to enable him to import 5000 mulberry trees—he requests a donation of land to assist him. When 5000 trees shall have been imported, Mr. Clarke engages to continue his importations, and to distribute the trees as the government may direct.—The plan is worth considering. The culture of the silk worm has built up the fortunes of many governments: and Mr. Clarke is anxious that the same experiments should be instituted in this country, which have proved so valuable to others.

A meeting was held in the Session Room, in Cherry street, on the evening of the 14th ult., "to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning Congress to prohibit the transportation and opening of the mails on the Sabbath." Committees are to be appointed in all the wards and districts of the city and county, to solicit signatures to these petitions. For our part, we think this project has nothing like "propriety" in it.—No class of citizens has a right to set up for judges in such a case, and obtrude its own particular religious opinions on the rest, merely to fulfil what they believe to be the duties of true religion.—When a man's opinions and practices, in religious matters, infringe upon the comforts of another citizen, peaceably disposed, they cease to be governed by religion, and his acts degenerate into intolerance. A vast proportion of the citizens are opposed to such illiberal restrictions. The delivery of letters, and the travelling of mails on Sunday, are necessary to their well being, and an incalculable accommodation to them. It is sincerely to be hoped that this second edition of the Sunday School Union trick may be heartily opposed by the public, and as fully and completely crushed.

The Winter's Wreath.—Among the many annuaries which we have seen for 1829, we have noticed none better filled, or more finely executed, than the "Winter's Wreath," published in London and Liverpool, and by Mr. Thomas Wardle, of this city. The engravings are executed in the finest style, and the matter, for the most part, is excellent. "The Parting of Medora, and the Corsair," is a highly finished engraving. There is something touching, and like reality, in the countenance of Medora, as she leans against the magnificent arched gateway, and with imploring eyes looks upward—while the Corsair is pushing away the boat from the strand. The ship, and the high rocky banks in the distance, are very naturally presented. The artist has chosen the subject of his picture, apparently, from the following lines of Lord Byron:—

She looked, and saw the heaving of the main;
 The white sail set;—she dared not look again,
 But turned with sickening soul within the gate—
 "It is no dream—and I am desolate."

"The Scotch Peasant Girl" is a common subject, but well engraved. "The Vintage" is an elegant and attractive plate. The expression of the young girl's countenance, who is about to rise with a basket of grapes upon her head, is as natural as life. The most finished, beautiful, and naturally engraving in the Wreath, is "The Sailor Boy." It represents him climbing the shrouds in a storm.—There is something in his eye, as he looks abroad from his dizzy height, upon the war of the elements around him, that we can confidently say we have never seen excelled. The hand grasping the rope—the open collar, and the light and shade of the neck is executed with great truth and beauty; and to us, this plate alone, were well worth the price of the book. The poetry which the engraving is intended to illustrate, is also good, and the motto from Childe Harold is well chosen:—"Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed." "Fire works from the Castle of St.

Angelo, Rome," is likewise a finished specimen of the arts. The rockets, discharged in the air, with their branching light—the immediate scene of the fire-works—and the magnificent arch tecture of the Castle seen by night, all serve to make an imposing and natural picture. "Melenger and Atalanta," "O'Connor's Child," and the "View near Arableside—Children returning from school," are all beautifully engraved, particularly the former. But we have no room to particularize—and shall only add, that among the articles chosen for New-Year's gifts, this pretty work holds out full as rich a promise, as any of the annuals.

Miss FRANCES WRIGHT, celebrated as a firm believer in *Owenism*, and the successor of Mr. Owen, in conducting the *New-Harmony Gazette*, delivered her first lecture at the Military Hall, in Library street, on the evening of Wednesday, the 24th ult. A large number of persons collected to hear her, including about sixty or eighty of her own sex. Her appearance, we think, is far from being prepossessing. She is tall—apparently a little stoop shouldered—and her features have a decidedly masculine expression. But there are few persons who could listen to her five minutes, without feeling that physical deficiencies may be amply compensated by mental strength. Her language is in the highest degree, clear, forcible, and eloquent—her voice strong, and melodious—her emphasis and gestures correct and appropriate. Though we do not approve of all her doctrines, yet she enchaind attention, and excited our admiration.

She commenced by defining what *knowledge* is, and explained its nature and extent. She endeavored to draw the line of distinction between *knowledge* and *belief*; contending that we can only *know* a thing, after we have examined it by the evidence of our senses—if we have no such evidence, then we only *believe*. Miss Wright then proceeds to say, that the whole present system of education is radically wrong—teaching opinions instead of facts; and that teachers of seminaries, ministers of the gospel, and editors of journals, all conspire to perpetuate the reign of error and prejudice. This last consideration, she stated, had led her to think of some mode of opposing the prevailing systems; and her sex formed no impediment, since she claimed for it an equality of intellect. She had reflected upon the matter, during the course of an eventful life; and at last had determined upon open opposition.

Her next lecture was delivered on Christmas morning, in the court-room, corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets. She enlarged upon her former positions, and urged that it especially behooved America to commence a new system of education. The third discourse was delivered at the same place in the evening—and she attacked the prevailing systems still more openly. The room was crowded, and the audience alternately applauded and hissed, as at the theatre. At the close it was announced that Miss Wright was to proceed to New York, but would probably return to Philadelphia in a short time, when she would renew her lectures. She wears a travelling cap, when not speaking—dresses plainly,—and before commencing her lectures, she runs her fingers through her short, curly hair, which is in no way distinguishable from that of the other sex. She is, altogether, an interesting woman—and her oratorical and reasoning powers are of the first order.

Brutality.—Tuesday night was bitterly cold—yet a being exists, savage enough to expose a helpless infant six weeks old in the open air—like turning out an old horse to die. About ten o'clock, an infant was found lying at the door of Mr. Campbell, in Hudson's Alley, with a shawl wrapped around it. On being carried into the house, the infant immediately became sick, and threw from its stomach a quantity of mud, greater than has frequently been known to produce the death of much older children. By care, however, it recovered, and has since been taken to the Alms

house, where the abandoned wretch who exposed it to the blasts of winter may find it.

General Jackson.—This great soldier—now President elect, has been almost as much talked about during the week, as the weather itself. It was rumored that he still meant to visit our city, in spite of the contradictions that have been published. It is yet believed by many that he means to come. The paper published at Lynchburg, in Virginia, holds out no encouragement for such believers, for it asserts positively, that the General was invited to visit Lynchburg on his way to Washington, for the purpose of paying him all the suitable honors, but he declined, saying he should proceed to Washington by the most direct route. Yet a daily paper of Wednesday last says he is expected at Pittsburg on the 2d or 3d of this month.

The New Bell also made considerable noise on Tuesday, and its ringing was listened to by our citizens with praise-worthy attention—it being nothing uncommon to hear a bell ring in Philadelphia. This bell is said to contain five hundred Spanish dollars. Certain it is, the tone of the new bell is superior to that of the old one, and that the free use of silver in the composition of the metal, adds materially to the excellence of its sound. There is at Woodbury, N. J. a small bell, used in the Academy, which was formerly used in a religious house in St. Domingo, and which was brought to this country by a Frenchman, on the insurrection of the blacks in that Island. It was bought of him, and hung in the Academy. It is said to contain a large quantity of silver. Its sound is so perfectly clear, that, although the bell is very small, it may be heard at a distance of several miles.

Theatricals.—Mr. Warren, for thirty-two years the manager of our theatre, took his final benefit on Tuesday night. He leaves the stage as manager, though he will occasionally perform. The house was crowded to see his inimitable Falstaff.

Mrs. Dal appeared on Wednesday evening in the tragedy of *Adelgitha*—in which character she is pronounced univalued. The house was full and fashionable.

LITERARY.

Literary.—S. L. Fairfield, of this city, is about commencing the publication of a new literary weekly paper, to be called "The Contemporary." It will be in octavo, at \$3 per annum.

The entire edition of the *Boston Token* has been sold, and not a copy is left in the publisher's hands! This is certainly a most rapid sale of an edition of 400 copies. The work, however, was well got up, its contents were good, and its price was not extravagant.

Washington Irving's new book, "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada," will shortly be issued from the press of Carey, Lea, and Carey, of this city, who have purchased the copyright.

The Legendary.—We have only room for a limited notice of this work, which we have but hastily read. It is edited by N. P. Willis, Esq.—published once in three months, at Boston, and its professed object is to embody the best literature of our country, and give it a "local habitation—and a name." The enterprising and spirited publisher, Mr. S. G. Goodrich, deserves the thanks of every lover of his country's fame, for the efforts he has made to open a new era in American Literature, by giving, as is done in England, a liberal compensation for well written articles. The work is got up in the best manner, and we wish the publisher every success in his undertaking. We shall notice separately some of the most conspicuous articles; and first:

The field of the Grounded Arms. By F. G. HALLOCK. Those who have read, and justly admired that most excellent poem "Marco Bozzaris," by this beautiful writer, will be equally reluctant with us to believe, that this article, written

neither in blank verse or rhyme, is from the same pen. There are lofty sentiments expressed in it, yet the contrast is so great between this and "Bozzaris," that it may be we overlook, in our disappointment, the numerous beauties it is said to contain.

The Stepmother. By Mr. NOBODY. A letter person than whom to write a *long* story about *nothing* could not be found. He will probably, however, escape being condemned *in toto*—as very few will be sufficiently stupid to trespass far upon his infliction.

Lionel. By ROBERT MORRIS. There has been a deal of suggestion among the *corps editorial*, that this article was an imitation of the style of N. P. Willis, Esq. We see no reason for such an opinion, in *Lionel*, at least. It is, with the exception of a piece in the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, as creditable as most of the author's writings, and bears no resemblance to *Idleness*, written by the gentleman he is said to imitate.

The Murderer's Grave. ANONYMOUS. A fine comment upon the Stepmother—being both *short* and *good*.

Musings. To Rosabelle. By WILLIS G. CLARK. Beautiful poetry, (says the Boston Statesman,) full of music and sweet thoughts. The writer is Assistant Editor of the Ladies' Literary Port Folio, of this city.

Leaves from a Colleague's Album. By N. P. WILLIS. A playful tale—abounding with good humor, and containing some slight errors.

Autumn Musings. By GEORGE LUNT. Much in the style of Bryant—and one rises from its perusal, with its lingering beauties impressed upon his mind.

The Camp Meeting. ANONYMOUS. A good prose article, with some striking passages.

The Hudson. By H. PICKERING. Perhaps we are wrong, but we cannot see a reason for the extravagant praise which this article has elicited from one or two editors. It is very good, however. The following from "The Hudson," is highly original and poetic.

Mountains that beneath
Thy undiscoverable depths extend
Their giant feet, then far in the blue heavens
Precipitous rose, with their incumbent woods.

Bonnet's Bridge. By J. H. NICHOLS. There is a melody in this piece, similar to the "tinkling tune" of the foaming waters, of which he makes mention.

To the Ice Mountain. By JAMES O. ROCKWELL. These lines to a

"Wandering monument of rain,
Prisoned by the sullen north,"

bating a little indistinctness, and a lack of perspicuity, are good—and the writer bids fair to become a poet.

First Meeting of the Old and New World. By Mrs. SIGOURNEY. Though tolerably good, yet inferior to many other things from her pen.

Extracts from a Sea Book. By SAMUEL HAZARD. Some few expressions taken entire from "the Voyage" in the commencement of the first volume of Irving's Sketch Book, evince the author's familiarity with popular writers—his describing the vessel as "flying on her snowy wing," betokens his having read Byron—and his omitting to quote, smacks of plagiarism.

Idleness. By N. P. WILLIS. Easy, smooth, and beautiful poetry—touching the heart of the reader with its natural description, and its beauty of simile.

Hope, and the Mother's Grave, by WILLIAM GUNN, are passing good—but we should think the writer was rather inexperienced in the world of letters.

The Burial at Sea. By S. G. GOODRICH, the publisher, is a very good thing—and with an article of his in the *Token*, bespeaks him a man of genius.

Unwritten Philosophy.—N. P. WILLIS. Just such an article as might be expected from his pen. It is a tale—and unlike many of the present day, it is interesting.

Stanzas to the memory of John G. C. Brainard.
By WILLIS G. CLARK. Beautiful language, (says a Boston paper,) feelingly and eloquently expressed. None who have read Autumn Leaves, and Lines to Niagara, but will recognize the subject of these stanzas.

"Peace to the sleeper! o'er his silent lyre,
The autumnal gale at evening-tide goes by:—
Where rests the hand that swept its strings of fire,
And with its murmurs raised the smile or sigh?"

There are many articles in the *Legendary* which we have not noticed, and which our limits will not permit. It is much superior to the first volume—and we wish the editor and enterprising publisher the success which their laudable efforts deserve.

From the *Legendary*.

THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

A few hundred yards from the small stream which, known by the whites under the appellation of 'Line Creek,' divides the territory of the Muscogees or Creek confederacy from the state of Alabama, stands, or rather stood, a ruined cottage of logs. Travelling through the wilderness, several years ago, I passed this desolate spot. The walls, blackened by the smoke of many fires, and in part already decayed, stood tottering to their fall; the roof was entirely gone; a part only of the chimney was left, built in the custom of the country, of split sticks, and thickly plastered in the inside with mud. The fences had fallen around a small field which showed traces of former cultivation and was fast filling up with briars, plum bushes, and sedge grass, where the still evident marks of the hoe and the corn field gave proof that human beings had once found there a home. The mists of night were closing around us, the dark magnolia forest which frowned on the secluded spot, and the thick and gloomy swamp of Line Creek, which stretched its unhealthy morass almost to the door, gave to the whole scene the stillness and horror of death. Although habituated during a journey of many days to the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, I was struck with the peculiarly lugubrious aspect of the scene; and with an indefinite feeling of melancholy, I stopped my horse to survey it more at leisure. My companion who had ridden a few yards in advance, not hearing the accustomed sound of my horse's tramp, turned his head to learn the cause of my lingering, and rode back to the spot where I had halted.

"Here," said he, "is Riley's grave. Remark that small mound of earth resembling the heap of soil accumulated from a fallen, and which is, in truth, the effect of the trunk to which those decaying pine-knots once belonged; there the murderer fell, and there he lies buried."

Not being so familiar with the legends of this wild region as to remember the story of the man whose crimes and death had given a name to this lonely scene of desolation, I inquired into his history, and listened with deep and silent interest to a tale of revenge and remorse, strongly illustrative of the aboriginal character.

Harney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation it now forgotten—was a petty chieftain belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being "a half breed," and, like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people his father allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favor of the United States in the dissensions among the Creek nation, and after the breaking out of the war in 1812, joined the American forces

with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved by his activity of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander in chief, and Riley's name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to his people, honored with the thanks of his "Great Father," and sat down to cultivate his fields and pursue the chase as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council, he was still young, and devoted himself to his *one* wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy.

About this time, the restoration of tranquility, and the opening of the rich lands just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans, hastening to these fertile countries at the west. The country from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness, and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Travelling was of course hazardous and insecure, and persons who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries.

Of this class was L—. I knew him formerly, and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank and manly, open to kindness, and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him, and "eyes unused to weep" glistened in bidding "God speed!" to their old associate. L— had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage and fidelity. Under his direction he led his small family of slaves towards the spot which he had fixed for his future home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace. Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L— was easily excited to anger, and though ready to atone for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always controul his passions before they outburst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L—, was treasured up by Riley, with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlements.

The story of L—'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe but simple—"blood for blood"—and he "might rue who read them." On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed, and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had

possessed his thoughts, and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled in the council at the public square, he stood up and addressed them.

"Fathers," said he, "I have killed my brother—my friend. He struck me, and I slew him. That honor which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed, or to attempt to escape the punishment you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live. My life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken. All I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it like a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it. I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall, and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him."

Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved and unappalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backwards so composedly as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel whose ruins mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile, or to mingle with her tribe, she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband. The Indian shuns the spot, for he dreams that the spirit of the murderer inhabits it. The traveller views the scene with curiosity and horror, on account of its story, and, pausing for a few moments to survey this lonely and desolate glade, hastens on to more cheerful and happy regions. With this short narrative we put spurs to our horses, and hurrying along the road, in a few moments found ourselves beyond the gloomy and tangled forests of the creek.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend at Boston is informed that we have no subscription papers to send him. A copy of our work itself is the best prospectus.

Subscribers to the *Ariel* in Boston, whose subscriptions are not paid, will please pay them to Mr. Hiram S. Favor, 136 Washington Street, who is Agent at that place.

Mr. N. B., of Bennington, has credit for the sum enclosed in a newspaper.

Mr. Perkins at Erie, Pa. will act as Agent for the *Ariel* for that place and neighborhood.

It is stated in a Boston paper, that a letter has been lately written to John Q. Adams, signed by Harrison Gray Otis, William Brewster, Thomas H. Perkins, and William Sullivan, and other distinguished federal gentlemen, demanding of him his proofs, in support of his charge against the federal party, that they conspired to dissolve the union, and to establish a separate Confederation.

Suggested by hearing a sermon on Intemperance, delivered by J. H. Kennedy—Sunday evening, 4th inst.

Oh, let the fatal goblet be,
And for a moment think
Its wave is charged with infamy,
Where *mind* and *reason* sink.

Some say, wit brightens o'er the bowl,
But ah! their words deceive—
"That wine does e'er inspire the soul,"
I never can believe.

But I have seen the "son of song,"
Whose breast did warmly glow,
Borne by its blushing stream along
To wretchedness and woe.

Then let not wine delude the soul,
It can afford no joy,
Elysium blooms not in the bowl,
But serpents that destroy.

T.

LINES TO A SPARROW,

*Who comes to my Window every Morning
for his Breakfast.*

Master Dicky, my dear,
You have nothing to fear,
Your proceedings I mean not to check, sir;
Whilst the weather benumbs,
We should pick up the crumbs,
So, I prythee, make free with a *peck*, sir.

I'm afraid it's too plain
You're a villain in *grain*,
But in that you resemble your neighbors,
For mankind have agreed
It is right to *suck seed*,
Then, like you, *hop the twig* with their labors.

Besides this, master Dick,
You of trade have the trick,
In all *branches* you traffic at will, sir;
You have no need of shops
For your samples of *hops*,
And can every day take up your *bill*, sir.

Then in foreign affairs
You may give yourself *airs*,
For I've heard it reported at home, sir,
That you're on the best terms
With the *diet of Worms*,
And have often been tempted to *Rome*, sir.

Thus you feather your nest
In the way you like best,
And live high without fear of mishap, sir;
You are fond of your *grub*,
Have a taste for some *shrub*,
And for *gin*—there you understand *trap*, sir.

Tho' the rivers won't flow,
In the frost and the snow,
And for fish other folks vainly try, sir;
Yet you'll have a treat,
For, in cold or in heat,
You can still take a *perch* with a *fly*, sir.

In love, too, oh Dick,
(Tho' you oft when love-sick
On the course of good breeding may trample;
And though often henpeck'd,
Yet) you scorn to neglect
To set all mankind an *egg-sample*.

Your *opinions*, 'tis true,
Are flighty a few,
But at this, I, for one, will not grumble;
So—your breakfast you've got,
And you're off like a *shot*,
Dear Dicky, your humble *cum-tumble*.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN.

ON CHANTRY'S MONUMENT AT LITCHFIELD.
Fair images of sleep!
Hallowed, and soft, and deep!
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies.
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers in mossy dells,
Filled with the hush of night and summer skies;

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confessed your sway!

How many eyes will shed,
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops, from memory's troubled fountain
wrung!

While hope hath blights to bear,
While love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet, from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,
To bend, and linger o'er your lovely rest;
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the soft breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast.

If then the dovelike tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow, and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentle forms! intertwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasped, but never can unlink;
Send, from your calm profound,
A still small voice, a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink.

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die,
O'er her warm spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest dead!
The faith, trust, light of immortality! F. H.

THE CAPTIVE OF ALHAMA.

The Moslem star was on the wane,
Eclipsed the Paynim powers,
And the haughty lord of Christian Spain
Besieged Granada's towers:
Gonsalvo, with a hundred knights
Of Leo's chivalry,
Well posted on Alhama's heights,
Staid succour from the sea.

One morn a Moorish youth was led
To brave Gonsalvo's tent,
His escort from the field had fled,
And his horse had fall'n o'erspent;
He hung his head in speechless grief,
As the tear rolled down his cheek,
And scornful looked each mailed chief,
To behold a youth so weak.

'Is it a girl,' Gonsalvo cries,
'That in our toils is caught?
That thus it weeps in woman's guise,
Where its fierce forefathers fought?'
'Nay, hear my tale,' exclaimed the youth,
His eye one moment brightening,
'And Allah, if I speak not truth,
Consume me with his lightning!

From beauteous Malaga I came,
But by no beaten way;
Superb Granada was my aim,—
Wo! wo the luckless day!

For had I in my journey sped
To Darro's rushing water,
This morn Zorayda I had wed,
Granada's fairest daughter!

If pity, then, o'er love's sweet power,
E'er touched thy gallant breast,
But grant me freedom for an hour—
To the oar I give the rest;
These few bright moments yield in grace,
My mournful fate to tell,
To see once more Zorayda's face,
And take my long farewell!

Gonsalvo had no marble heart,
Albeit his look was stern,
He bade the Moorish youth depart,
And ere set of sun return:
Each pass and strait the chieftain eyed,
Yet sometimes turned his head,
To mark how down the mountain side
His captive fealty sped.

The Sierra's dazzling peak of snow
Yet blushed with rosy light,
When again the grieving Moor bowed low
Before the Christian knight;
But alone he came not, as he went,
For a damsel pressed his arm,
Faint as a rose, by tempests bent,
And quivering with alarm.

Awhile they stood in speechless gloom—
She looked at him and wept;
And the knights, still reckless of his doom,
An equal silence kept.
At length the maid unveiled her head,
She knelt at the chieftain's knee,
Few were the stifled words she said,
But he well could guess the plea.

'Gazul, thy captive, Christian knight,
Is here by his solemn vow—
He was my lover yesternight,
He is my husband now,
Without him life to me is vain,
And its sounding pageants hollow,
With him I've promised to remain;
Him, him alone, I follow.

'Twas for me he dared, unwisely brave,
The ambush'd road to take;
He was your foe, he is your slave,
But he suffers for my sake:
Ah! then, his love still let me share,
To whom I've pledged my oath;
The fetters, if you will, prepare,
But let them bind us both!

Knights, little used to pity, sighed,
They softened to his suit,
For her voice to their hearts was felt to glide
Like music from a lute.
'Our arms,' Gonsalvo said, 'achieve
The buttress, not the bower;
My falchion's edge the oak to cleave,
And not to crush the flower.

Peace be to both! you both are free!
Live happy; and when'er
To you a Christian bends his knee,
Believe Gonsalvo there!
They silent kissed his robes, and sped
To their own dear Darro's water;
And thus Gazul Zorayda wed,
Granada's noblest daughter!

CROSS READING.

A child of Mr. Ezra Price, last Wednesday, threw up—500 loads of paving stones.

Was drowned yesterday afternoon, in the river Delaware—50 bags of mackerel.

1200 head of cattle passed through this place on Saturday last—all for Jackson.

Fashionable fall bonnets—covering 96 acres of woodland.

We understand that Sir James Kemp was sworn into—one thousand bags of Manila coffee.

Lost on Saturday last, a lady's reticule containing—cotton, hides, and oil.

James and Brown have just received from England, a large supply of—shocking accidents.

Ran away from the subscriber his indented—valuable real estate.

THROWING IN MITES.—A man at the south has thrown in his *might*, (\$4000) for some of the charitable institutions;—and one at the west has thrown in his *mite*, (25 cts.) for another charitable institution.

A FAT TURK-Y.—The young man who has been playing the Turk in New York, is said to be an American. He boasts of having gobbled up fifteen hundred dollars, and quizzing the learned.

TEMPER-ATE.—The body of a man named Temper, was lately found in the woods in Kentucky, horribly mangled by the swine that run loose in that quarter.—He is said to have been intoxicated when last seen alive.

DIS-TRESS-ING.—A young lady in the state of New York had her hair torn off, by being caught in the machinery of a Factory, where she was employed.

A barber in New York advertises that he will give a "*classic and scientific* cut to the hair" of his patrons.

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Any person who will procure seven subscribers, and remit \$10, at the editor's risk, shall receive an eighth copy for his trouble. Orders for copies thankfully received. All letters must be post paid.